A LINCOLN MEMORIAL.

THE STORY OF THE ASSASSINATION OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN RETOLD.

The final victory was won. The bitter war of secession was over. In the north the glorious news of peace had been fired, the bells rung, every flag was flying, every heart throbbed with joy. The Federal army had encountered victorious, and the Stars and Stripes at last waved over the Confederate capital. The silent soldier who now resided at Riverside had directed the closing operations of the long struggle. The battle of Five Forks, fought on the 1st of April, had been the decisive one. It is known in history as the great military masterpiece of Gen. Phil Sheridan. The backbone of the Confederacy was broken at last. When Palm Sunday broke over our mangled country, indeed in the reign of peace, its gentle hushed and victorious palms were waved. The shackles of 3,000,000 slaves were broken and the light of liberty shone from every home in the south. The flag of our country had once more in serene triumph proclaimed.

On the 14th of April, 1861, this flag was fired upon at the bidding of the enemy, and the history of the Union begun. On the same day occurred the most tragic event in all history, the assassination of President Lincoln. The exultation of victory was suddenly changed to the lamentation of grief.

The assassin, John Wilkes Booth, made for himself infamous and endless notoriety when he murdered the man who had directed the course of state through the most tempestuous matters it ever encountered. An actor himself and the third son of the eminent Shakespearian, Junius Brutus Booth, he won no possible fame that attaches to a cold-blooded and fanatically wicked deed.

It is said that Lincoln for years had a premonition that he would reach a high position, and then be struck down in some way. This may or may not have been true. At all events, he took no precautions against the way of danger. So many threats had been made against him that his friends were alarmed, and frequently urged him not to go out unattended. To all their entreaties he had the same answer: "If they kill me the next man will be just as bad for them. In a country like this where our habits are simple and must be, assassination is always possible, and will come if they are determined upon it."

Whether premonition of his tragic fate he may have had, there is nothing to prove that any of the fearfulness of the awful hour. Dread men rise and go about their daily duties unoppressed, often, as those whose paths know no shadow. On that never to be forgotten 14th of April President Lincoln passed the day in the usual manner. In the morning his son, Capt. Robert Lincoln, breakfasted with him. The young man had just returned from the capitulation of Lee, and he described in detail all the circumstances of that momentous episode of the close of the war, to which the president listened with the closest interest. After breakfast the president spent an hour with Speaker Colfax, talking about his future policy, about to be submitted to his cabinet. At 11 o'clock he met the cabinet. Gen. Grant was present. He spent the afternoon with Governor Oglesby, Senator Yates and other friends from Illinois. He was invited by the manager of Ford's theatre, in Washington, to attend in the evening a performance of the play, "Our American Cousin," with Laura Keene as the leading lady. This play, now so well known and long given, and in which the late Sothern afterward made fortune and fame, was then comparatively unheralded. Lincoln was fond of the drama. Brought up in a provincial way, in the days when theatres were scarce outside of the larger cities, the beauty and art of the actor was fresh and delightful to him. He had made study of Shakespeare, and never lost an opportunity of seeing his masterpieces rendered by the masters of dramatic art. But on that evening, it is said, he was not eager to go. The play was new, apparently not alluring to him; but he yielded to the wishes of Mrs. Lincoln and Miss Harris took with them Miss Harris and Maj. Rathbone, daughter and stepson of Senator Harris, of New York.

The theatre was crowded. At 9:20 the president and his party entered. The audience rose and cheered enthusiastically as they passed to the "state box" reserved for them. No one had any one present dream that within forty minutes enthusiasm would give place to horror. It was 10 o'clock when all turned upon the scene to enact the last great tragedy of the war. He had planned carefully, but not correctly. A good horse awaited him at the rear of the theatre, on which he intended to ride into friendly country among the hills of Maryland. He knew his way to the president's box—a double box in the second tier, at the left of the stage. The partition had been removed, and both boxes thrown into one.

JAMES WILKES.

Booth entered the theatre nonchalantly, glanced at the stage with apparent interest, and then quietly worked his way around into the short passage leading toward the box occupied by the president. At the end of an entry leading to the box door, one of the president's "messengers" was stationed to prevent unwelcome intrusions. Booth presented a card to him, stating that Mr. Lincoln had sent for him, and was permitted to pass. After gaining an entrance and closing the hall door, he took a piece of board which he had provided on one occasion, and placed one end of it in an indentation in the wall, about four feet from the floor, and the other against the panel of the door panel a few inches higher, making it impossible for any one to enter from without. The box had two doors. He bored a gimlet hole in the panel of one, reaming it out with his knife, so as to leave it a little larger than a buckshot on the inside, while on the other side it was big enough to give his eye a wide range. Both doors had spring locks. To secure against their being locked he had loosened the screws with which the bolts were fastened. The following is an accurate diagram of the box:

So deliberately had he planned that the very seats in the box had been arranged to suit his purpose by an accomplice. Spangler, an attaché of the theatre, was suspected. The president sat in the left hand corner of the box, nearest the audience, in an easy armchair. Next him, on the right, sat Mrs. Lincoln. A little distance to the right of both Miss Harris was seated, with Maj. Rathbone at her left, and a little in the rear of Mrs. Lincoln, who, intent on the play, was leaning forward, with one hand resting on her husband's knee. The president was leaning upon one hand, and with the other was toying with a portion of the drapery. His face was partially turned to the audience, and wore a pleasant smile.

The assassin swiftly entered the box through the door at the right, and the next instant fired. The ball entered just behind the president's left ear, and, though not producing instantaneous death, completely obliterated all consciousness.

Maj. Rathbone heard the report, and an instant later saw the murderer, about six feet from the president, and grappled with him, but his grasp was shaken off. Booth dropped his pistol and drew a long, thin, deadly-looking knife, with which he wounded the major. Then, touching his left hand to the railing of the box, he vaulted over to the stage, eight or nine feet below. In that descent an unlooked for and curious thing happened, which foiled all the plans of the assassin and was the means of bringing him to bay at last. Lincoln's box was draped with the American flag, and Booth, in jumping, caught his spur in its folds, tearing it down and spraining his ankle. He crouched as he fell, falling upon one knee, but soon straightened himself and stalked theatrically across the stage, brandishing his knife and shouting the state motto of Virginia, "*Sic semper tyrannis!*" afterward adding, "The south is avenged!" He made his exit on the opposite side of the stage, passing Miss Keene as he went out. A man named Stewart, a tall lawyer of Washington, was the only person with presence of mind enough to spring upon the stage and follow him, and he was too late.

It had all been done so quickly and dramatically that many in the audience were dazed and could not understand that anything not a part of the play had happened. When, at last, the awful truth was known to them there ensued a scene, the like of which was never known in a theatre before. Women shrieked, sobbed and fainted. Men cursed and raved, or were dumb with horror and amazement. Miss Keene stepped to the front and begged the frightened and dismayed audience to be calm. Then she entered the president's box with water and stimulants. Medical aid was summoned and came with flying feet, but came too late. The murderer's bullet had done its wicked work well. The president hardly stirred in his chair, and never spoke or showed any signs of consciousness again.

They carried him immediately to the house of Mr. Peterson, opposite the theatre, and there, at 7:22 the next morning, the 15th of April, he died.

The murder of the president put the authorities on their guard against a wide-reaching conspiracy, and threw the public into a state of terror. The awful event was felt even by those who knew not of it. Horsemen clattered through the silent streets of Washington spreading the sad tidings, and the telegraph wires carried the terrible story everywhere. The nation awakened from its dream of peace on the 15th of April, 1865, to learn that its protector, leader, friend and restorer had been laid low by a stage-mad "avenger." W. O. Stoddard, in his "Life of Lincoln," says: "It was as if there had been a death in every house throughout the land. By both north and south alike the awful news was received with a shudder and a momentary spasm of unbelief. Then followed one of the most remarkable spectacles in the history of the human race, for there is nothing else at all like it on record. Bells had tolled before at the death of a loved ruler, but never did all bells toll so mournfully as they did that day. Business ceased. Men came together in public meetings as if by a common impulse, and party lines and sectional hatreds seemed to be obliterated."

The assassination took place on Friday evening, and on the following Sunday funeral services were held in all the churches in the land, and every church was draped in mourning.

Mr. Lincoln's body was embalmed, and on the following Wednesday funeral services were held in the East room of the White House. From thence the body was taken to the rotunda of the Capitol, where it was viewed by thousands of sorrowing people. On the 21st of the month the sombre funeral train left Washington, going first to Philadelphia and New York, and then moved westward, followed by the lamentations of a stricken nation. "The mournful pageant of its reception by the people surpasses all power of words for its description. Slowly the train proceeded, from city to city, between almost continuous lines of sorrowing multitudes doing last honors to their beloved chief magistrate, whose hold upon their hearts they had not known till they had lost him." The train reached Springfield, Ills., on the morning of the 3d of May, and on the following day the body of Lincoln, the martyr, was shut from the sight of man forever, in the grave.

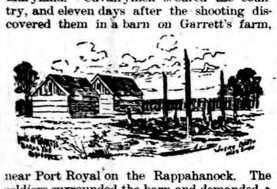
As the funeral cortege passed through New York it was reverently gazed upon by a mass of humanity impossible to enumerate. No ovation could be so eloquent as the spectacle of the vast population, hushed and bareheaded, under the bright spring sky gazing upon his coffin. Lincoln's own words over the dead at Gettysburg came to many as the stately car went by: "The world will little note nor long remember what we say here, but it can never forget what we did here."

It was remembered, too, that on the 22d of February, 1861, as he raised the American flag over Independence hall, in Philadelphia, he spoke of the sentiment in the Declaration of Independence which gave liberty not only to this country, but, "I hope," he said, "to the world for all future time. But if this country cannot be saved without giving up that principle, I was about to say I would rather be assassinated upon this spot than surrender it."

When he died the veil that hid his greatness was torn aside, and the country then knew what it had possessed and lost in him. A New York paper, of April 29, 1865, said: "No one who personally knew him but will now feel that the deep, furrowed sadness of his face seemed to forecast his fate. The genial gentleness of his manner, his homely simplicity, the cheerful humor that never failed are now seen to have been but the tender light that played around the rugged heights of his strong and noble nature. It is small consolation that he dies at the moment of the war when he could best be spared, for no nation is ever ready for the loss of such a friend. But it is something to remember that he lived to see the slow day breaking. Like Moses he had marched with us through the wilderness. From the height of patriotic vision he beheld the golden fields of the future waving in peace and plenty out of sight. He beheld and blessed God, but was not to enter."

It was soon known that the murder of Lincoln was one result of a conspiracy, which had for its victims Secretary Seward, and, probably, Vice-President Johnson, Secretary Stanton, Gen. Grant and perhaps others. Booth had left a card on Mr. Johnson the day before, possibly with the intention of killing him. Mr. Seward received wounds from which he soon recovered. Grant, who was to have accompanied Lincoln to the theatre on the night of the assassination, and did not, escaped unassailed. The general conspiracy was poorly planned and lamely executed. It involved about twenty-five persons. Mrs. Surratt, David C. Harold, Lewis Payne, Edward Spangler, Michael McLoughlin, J. W. Atzerodt, Samuel Arnold, and Dr. Samuel Mudd, who set Booth's leg, which was dislocated by the fall from the stage box, were among the number captured and tried.

After the assassination Booth escaped unmolested from the theatre, mounted his horse and rode away, accompanied by Harold, into Maryland. Cavalrymen scoured the country, and eleven days after the shooting discovered them in a barn on Garrett's farm,



near Port Royal on the Rappahanock. The soldiers surrounded the barn and demanded a surrender. After the second demand Harold surrendered, under a shower of curses from Booth, but Booth refused, declaring that he would never be taken alive. The captain of the squad then fired the barn. A correspondent thus describes the scene:

"The blaze lit up the recesses of the great barn till every wasp's nest and cobweb in the roof were luminous, flinging streaks of red and violet across the tumbled farm gear in the corner. They tinged the beams, the upright columns, the barricades, where clover and timothy piled high held toward the hot incendiary their separate straws for the funeral pile. They bathed the murderer's retreat in a beautiful illumination, and, while in bold outlines his figure stood revealed, they rose like an impenetrable wall to guard from sight the hated enemy who lit them. Behind the blaze, with his eye to a crack, Col. Conger saw Wilkes Booth standing upright upon a crutch. At the gleam of fire Booth dropped his crutch and carbine, and on both hands crept up to the spot to espy the incendiary and shoot him dead. His eyes were lustrous with fever, and swelled and rolled in terrible beauty, while his teeth were fixed, and he wore the expression of one in the calmness before frenzy. In vain he peered with vengeance in his look; the blaze that made him visible concealed his enemy. A second he turned glaring at the fire, as

BOSTON CORBETT.

if to leap upon it and extinguish it, but it had made such headway that he dismissed the thought. As calmly as upon the battlefield a veteran stands amidst the hail of ball and shell and plunging iron, Booth turned and pushed for the door, carbine in poise, and the last resolve of death, which we name despair, set on his high, bloodless forehead."

Just then Sergt. Boston Corbett fired through a crevice and shot Booth in the neck. He was carried out of the barn and laid upon the grass, and there died about four hours afterward. Before his misguided soul passed into the silence of death he whispered something which Lieut. Baker bent down to hear. "Tell mother I die for my country," he said, faintly. Reviving a moment later he repeated the words, and added, "I thought I did for the best."

His days of hiding and fleeing from his pursuers had left him pale, haggard, dirty and unkempt. He had cut off his mustache and cropped his hair close to his head, and he and Harold both wore the Confederate gray uniform.

Booth's body was taken to Washington and a post mortem examination of it held on board the monitor Montauk, and on the night of the 27th of April it was given in charge of two men in a rowboat, who, it is claimed, disposed of it in secrecy—how none but themselves know. Numerous stories have been told of the final resting place of that hated dead man. Whoever knows the truth of it tells it not.

Sergt. Corbett, who shot Booth, fired without orders. The last instructions given by Col. Baker to Col. Conger and Lieut. Baker were: "Don't shoot Booth, but take him alive." Corbett, whose picture is here given, was something of a fanatic, and for a breach of discipline had once been court-martialed and sentenced to be shot. The order, however, was not executed, but he had been drummed out of the regiment. He belonged to Company L of the Sixteenth New York cavalry. He was English by birth, but was brought up in this country, and learned the trade of hat finisher. While living in Boston he joined the Methodist Episcopal church. Never having been baptized, he was at a loss to know what name to adopt, but after making it a subject of prayer he took the name of Boston, in honor of the place of his conversion. He was ever undisciplined and erratic. He is said to be living in Kansas and draws a pension from the government.

Five of the conspirators were tried, and three, Payne, Harold and Mrs. Surratt, were hanged. Dr. Mudd was sent to the Dry Tortugas for a period of years, and there did such good work among the yellow fever sufferers during an epidemic that he was pardoned and returned to this country. He died only about two years ago at his home in Maryland, near Washington. Atzerodt was sent to the Dry Tortugas also, and died there years ago. John Surratt fled to Italy, and there entered the Papal guards. He was discovered by Archbishop Hughes, and by the courtesy of the Italian government, though the extradition laws did not cover his case, was delivered over to the United States for trial. At his first trial the jury hung; at the second, in which Edward Pierrepont was the government counsel, Surratt got off on the plea of limitations. He undertook to lecture, and began at Rockville, Md. The Evening Star, of Washington, reported the lecture, which was widely copied, and was of such a feeble character that it killed him as a lecturer. He went to Baltimore, where, it is said, he still lives. Spangler, the scene shifter, who was an accomplice of Booth, was sent to the Dry Tortugas, served out his term and died about ten years ago. McLoughlin, who was arrested because of his acquaintance with the conspirators, was sent to the Dry Tortugas and there died.

Ford's theatre was never played in after that memorable night. Ten or twelve days after the assassination Ford attempted to open it, but Stanton prevented it, and the government bought the theatre for $100,000, and converted it into a medical museum. Ford was a southern sympathizer. He ran two theatres until within a few weeks, one in Washington and one in Baltimore. He left Washington quite recently. Alison Naylor, the livery man who let Booth have his horse, still lives in Washington. Maj. Rathbone, who was in the box with Lincoln when he was shot, died within the last two years. Stewart, the man who jumped on the stage to follow Booth, and announced to the audience that he had escaped through the alley, died lately. Strange, but very few persons can now be found who were at the theatre that night. Laura Keene died a few years ago.

Booth was the brother of the famous tragedian, Edwin Booth. He was only 26 years old when he figured as the chief actor in this horrible drama. He began his dramatic career as John Wilkes, and as a stock actor gained a fair reputation, but had not achieved any special success. He had played chiefly in the south and west, and but a few times in New York. Some time before the assassination of Lincoln he had abandoned his profession on account of a bronchial affection. Those who knew him and saw him on that fatal Friday say that he was restless, like one who, consciously or unconsciously, was overshadowed by some awful fate. He knew that the president and his party intended to be present at Ford's theatre in the evening, and he asked an acquaintance if he should attend the performance, remarking that if he did he would see some unusually fine acting. Booth was a handsome man. His eyes were large and dark, his hair dark and inclined to curl, his features finely moulded, his form tall and his address pleasing.

JOHN WILKES BOOTH.

Twenty-one years have passed since Lincoln died, and his memory is even dearer than in those first days of bereavement, when the country mourned him and would not be comforted. His life and character have been scrutinized, analyzed and written about more than any man of the century, yet nothing has been discovered which lowered him in the esteem of the people. If ever a dead man lived, Lincoln lives. His strong and simple character, his humble beginning, intrinsic greatness, high achievements and tragic death have made a figure the like of which has never been equaled in history. Dead only in his mortal part, Abraham Lincoln lives in his work forever.

I have gathered the information for this article from many sources.

GERTRUDE GARRISON.

LINCOLN.

This man, whose homely face you look upon,
Was one of Nature's masterful great men;
Born with strong arms, that unfought battles won;
Direct of speech and cunning with the pen.

Chosen for large designs, he had the art
Of winning with his humor, and he went
Straight to his mark, which was the human heart.
Wise, too, for what he could not break he bent.

Upon his back a more than Atlas load,
The burden of the commonwealth, was laid;
He stooped, and rose up to it, though the road
Shot suddenly downward, not a whit dismayed.

Hold, warriors, counsellors, kings!—All now give place
To this dear benefactor of the race.

R. H. STODDARD.

LINCOLN'S TWO MOTHERS.

A Brief Sketch of Two Unknown Noble Women.

The expression of sadness which was so noticeable in Lincoln's face is said to have been a direct inheritance from his mother. Previous to his birth she had fallen into a hopeless state of mind, induced by loneliness of heart and long suffering. She was the wife of a man who, if all accounts of him do not lie, was destitute of energy and any sense of responsibility.

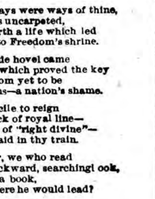
It is said that any mention of his mother brought over Lincoln's face an expression of sadness almost approximating anguish. The cause lay deeper than any knowledge he ever gained. It was an ante-natal impress. She was a strangely sad woman. During the later years of her life she became reserved and shrinking, in decided contrast to the joyous sociability of her girlhood. Her maiden name was Nancy Hanks. Dr. Holland said of her: "She had much in her nature that was truly heroic, and much that shrank from the rude life around her."

From his father Lincoln inherited his conversational habit and love of anecdote. Thomas Lincoln was brilliant as a store-box whittler and leader of grocery store dialogues. His chief earthly pleasure was to crack jokes and tell stories in a group of chums who paid homage to his wit by giving him the closest attention and loudest applause. "His son possessed this accomplishment," says Laura C. Holloway, in her book entitled "Mothers of Great Men and Women," "but in his case it was indulged in more to mask deep feeling and to avoid unpleasant subjects than for the pleasure the telling of stories gave him. All his life he put barriers between the world and himself through the medium of humor."

Thomas Lincoln was a rolling stone. He changed his residence whenever the mood seized him, a feasible undertaking any time, since his wordly goods were never bulky. He was a carpenter ostensibly, but worked only at hunting. He could scarcely have been greatly addicted to his trade, when the bedsteads in his cabin were made of saplings with the bark on. Nancy Hanks married him on the 23d of September, 1806, and probably regretted it ever after.

In comparison with the people about her Mrs. Lincoln was a learned woman. She could read and write, though her husband could not. She taught her little son to read and write in their scanty cabin, and the few books she possessed were a comfort to her otherwise dismal existence. She died of what was then called the "milk sickness," after a long illness, when Lincoln was 10 years old. How pathetic were those last days when she saw herself fading out of life, leaving her children in pinching poverty to the care of a careless father! Lincoln had a sister named Sally, two years older than himself, who married in her 18th year and died less than a year later. How earnestly she tried to make her son understand that he must set himself some particular task in life and do it well! He could write fairly when she died. A year later he wrote to the minister who had married his parents, requesting him to come and preach his mother's funeral sermon, since there had been no service at the time of her death. Three months later the minister came, and the funeral sermon was preached over her grave in the western wilderness, in the presence of the children, their father and about twenty of the neighbors. To this day no stone marks her resting place.

No words can describe the loneliness and misery of Lincoln's life in the year that followed. In the brightest days of his manhood he could not look back upon that time without agony and humiliation. A few months more than a year after the death of his mother fate blessed him with a stepmother, who was to him mother, friend and companion. She was a widow when Thomas Lincoln married her—Mrs. Sally Johnston—a Kentuckian, with a kind heart and agreeable person. The picture here represents her in her later life. It is taken by special permission from Mrs. Holloway's book, "Mothers of Great Men and Women," published by Funk & Wagnalls, of New York.



When Lincoln first saw her she was young, good looking, cheerful and full of energy. From the moment she set foot in the cabin she took a liking to the lonely, motherless boy—a liking which soon ripened into love on both sides and endured until death.

She, too, was one of Thomas Lincoln's victims. He had represented that he was a farmer in comfortable circumstances in Indiana. She found his home a poverty-stricken cabin, his only support an occasional odd job which he did for the thrifty farmers of his neighborhood. She made the best of her unfortunate bargain, and found in the son the companionship and help which were lacking in the father. Great was her influence upon the lonely life of the future great man. The furniture she brought with her gave the Indiana cabin an air of comfort, and her two daughters and one son brightened it with their childish pleasures. The little family lived affectionately together. Lincoln was devoted to his stepsisters and stepmother, and they were in turn deeply attached to him. In later years, when they were married and had homes of their own, nobody was welcomed more joyfully than "Brother Abe." After his tragic death they often spoke of his affection for their mother and of her's for him.

After Lincoln left home to work for himself he sent her a share of the first money he earned, and as long as she lived he continued to provide for her comfort. When his father died he was unable to attend the funeral on account of illness in his own family. After he was elected president of the United States he went to see his stepmother. Their meeting and parting was most affectionate. They never met in this world again. After the assassination, in an interview with Mr. Herndon, with overflowing eyes, Mrs. Lincoln said: "I can say what scarcely one mother in a thousand can say. Abe never gave me a cross word or look, and never refused in fact or appearance to do anything I requested.

THE MOTHER OF LINCOLN.

Out on the lie of "lowly born!"
For life has never changed its source
Since first began its earthly course,
Nor from its giver came with scorn.

And they who put in blood their trust,
Their pride in silk and linen rolled—
Who hand their narrow brows with gold,
Poor fools, they are but common dust.

For flesh is but a robe that clings
About and clothes the principle
Of lives which in its swathing dwell,
And only souls are ever kings.

Ah! mother of as grand a son
As ever battled in the van
To prove the brotherhood of man,
Such lives as thine are never done.

Though common ways were ways of thine,
And all thy walks uncarpeted,
Thou gav'st to earth a life which led
A race enchained, to Freedom's shrine.

From out thy hillside hovel came
An infant's wail, which proved the key
Of songs of freedom yet to be
To drown the groans—a nation's shame.

Who gives an imbecile to reign
The worn-out stock of royal line—
Backed by the lie of "right divine"—
Is less than handmaid in thy train.

We can but wonder, we who read
The past with backward, searching look,
Its pages open as a book,
If thou foresaw where he would lead?

If, gazing in the embers' glow,
Thine eyes by dreaming fancy held,
Thou saw'st the flames that should unweld
The chains and let the bondsman go?

When baby fingers touched thy breast,
If ever in thy musing then
Thou dreamdst that hand would guide the pen
Whose stroke would free a race oppress?

Didst hear, O mother! when blew free
The winds which through the crannies sighed,
The sound of voices as they cried,
Because the light they could not see?

Or when the north wind's trumpets blew
Heardst thou in them wild War's alarms?
The cannon's roar, or clash of arms
Where shot-torn battle banners flew?

Thou wert unstoried and unsung,
O mother of our mighty dead!
Of whom thy life was fountain head,
Yet History's harp for thee is strung.

For, from the iron of thy blood,
Was forged the nation-needed life
Which, when the land was torn with strife,
Stood Freedom's pharos 'midst the flood.

We cannot know, thou lost to earth,
That ever came a dream to thee
Of what the nation's fate should be,
Led by the life thou gavest birth;

But trust looks forward with belief
That thou hast fullest knowledge gained,
Through larger life thou hast attained,
And hold'st as a garnered sheaf.

That thou hast pierced life curtain's mesh,
With all the soul of sense and sound,
Unhampered by the narrow bound,
Of sight and sound of sense of flesh.

Hast heard the battle sink to rest,
Succeeded by the thunder roll
Of welcome to the mighty soul
Whose life was nurtured at thy breast.

INDIANAPOLIS, April 5. BEN D. HOUSE.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

FOULLY ASSASSINATED APRIL 14, 1865.

[This tribute appeared in The London Punch, which, up to the time of the assassination of Mr. Lincoln, had ridiculed and maligned him with all its well-known powers of pen and pencil.]

You lay a wreath on murdered Lincoln's bier;
You, who with mocking pencil wont to trace,
Broad for the self-complacent Britain's sneer,
His length'ning shambling limb, his furrowed face,

His gaunt, gnarled hands, his unkempt, bristling hair,
His garb uncouth, his bearing ill at ease,
His lack of all we prize as debonair,
Of power or will to shine, of art to please;

You, whose smart pen backed up the pencil's laugh,
Judging each step as though the way were plain;
Reckless, so it could point its paragraph,
Of chief's perplexity or people's pain.

Beside this corpse, that bears for winding sheet
The Stars and Stripes he lived to rear anew,
Between the mourners at his head and feet,
Say, scurrile jester, is there room for you?

Yes; he had lived to shame me from my mess,
To lame my pencil and confute my pen;
To make me own this hind of princes peer,
This rail-splitter, a true born king of men.

My shallow judgment I had learned to rue,
Noting how to occasion's height he rose;
How his quaint wit made home-truth seem more true,
How, lion-like, his temper grew by blows.

How humble, yet how hopeful he could be
How, in good fortune and in ill, the same;
Nor bitter in success, nor boastful he,
Thirsty for gold, nor feverish for fame.

He went about his work—such work as few
Ever had laid on head and heart and hand,—
As one who knows where there's a task to do.
Man's honest will must Heaven's good grace command;

Who trusts the strength will with the burden grow,
That God makes instruments to work His will,
If but that will we can arrive to know,
Nor tamper with the weights of good and ill.

So he went forth to battle on the side
That he felt clear was Liberty's and Right's,
As in his peasant boyhood he had plied
His warfare with rude Nature's thwarting mights;

The uncleared forest, the unbroken soil,
The iron bark, that turns the lumberer's ax,
The rapid, that o'erbears the boatman's toil,
The prairie, hiding the mazed wanderer's tracks,

The ambushed Indian and the prowling bear;
Slum'rous the decks that helped his youth to train,
Rough culture, but such trees large fruit may bear,
If but their sturdy trunks be of right grain.

So he grew up a destined work to do,
And lived to do it; four long, suffering years,
Ill fate, ill feeling, ill report lived through,
And then he heard the blasts change to cheers,

The taunts to tribute; the abuse to praise,
As I took both with the same unwavering mood;
Till, as he came on light, from dark'ning days,
And seemed to touch the goal from where he stood,

A felon hand, between the goal and him,
Reached from behind his back, a trigger prest,
And those perplexed and patient eyes were dim,
Those gaunt, long-laboring limbs were laid to rest

The words of mercy were upon his lips,
Forgiveness in his heart and on his pen,
When this vile murderer brought swift eclipse
To thoughts of peace on earth, good will to men.

The Old World and the New, from sea to sea,
Utter one voice of sympathy and shame!
Sore heart, so stopped when it at last beat high;
Sad life, cut short just as its triumph came!

A deed accurst! Strokes have been struck before
By the assassin's hand, whereof men doubt
If more of honor or disgrace they bore;
But thy foul crime, like Cain's, stands darkly out.

Vile hand, that brandest murder on a strife,
Whate'er its grounds, stoutly and nobly striven;
And with the martyr's crown crowns'st a life
With much to praise, little to be forgiven.

TOM TAYLOR.

Immunity from Fatal Small-Pox.

Dr. Ogle, having expressed his disappointment that the profession did not show complete immunity from fatal small-pox, The London Lancet points out that the rate of thirteen deaths of medical men from small-pox per 1,000,000 living implies that during the ten years 1873-82 only two deaths from this cause, out of 8,865 deaths from all causes, occurred in the profession in England and Wales, numbering about 15,000. "There were in England and Wales during those ten years 19,377 deaths from small-pox, and it is fair to assume that one or more medical practioners were brought into personal contact with each of these deceased persons. Bearing these facts in mind, the deaths of but two medical men from this disease during these ten years induces overpowering evidence both of the value of vaccination as a protection from small-pox and of its general and effectual adoption by the profession.—Medical Journal.

Where John Cabot Probably Landed.

Historians and scholars can not agree as to whether to Christopher Columbus or to John Cabot belongs the honor of the discovery of the American continent. Many believe and assert that it belongs to the latter. The exhaustive researches recently made by Professor Horsford would seem to show that Cabot first landed, not, as has been supposed, at some point on the coast of Maine, but at Salem Neck, on the coast of Massachusetts, and, proceeding southward, entered what is now Boston harbor, and thence up Charles river, building a fort on its banks. It is probable, then, that John Cabot and his crew were the first white men who ever looked upon the pleasant shores of what is now South Boston. That it had been a favorite spot with the Indian tribes is attested by the discoveries made in digging for the foundations of buildings in later years.—Boston Globe

The Extent of Geographical Progress.

The advancement of geographical knowledge is now encouraged by 94 geographical societies, with nearly 50,000 members, and a total income of more than a quarter of a million dollars annually. Of these societies France has 26, with a membership of 18,000; Germany, 24, with 9,000 members; Italy and Switzerland, 6, each with 3,000 members; Great Britain and her colonies, 5, with 5,000 members, the United States, 2, with 1,500 members. There are 126 periodicals devoted to geography, of which 42 are published in French; 38 in German; 8 in Russian; 7 in Italian; 6 each in English, Spanish and Portuguese; and 1 each in Danish, Hungarian, Swedish, Roumanian and Japanese.—Arkansaw Traveler.

Professor Wagner has published analyses supporting his opinion that steamed potatoes are far more nutritious than boiled ones.

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